

Uncle Bill

He was nobody's uncle, just
honorably old and humped
like a snail over
a rake or a mower,
always in a starched white
shell and bowtie, like a clerk
who'd lost his counter.
He must have been unbowed,
before his eyes recessed,
and looked at something else
than grass
but like an impossible child
he only spoke when spoken to
and we forgot to ask.
We paid him board
and nightly let him fade back
to the Y.

-- Jeannine Dobbs

Derry, NH

Green Tomato

forced in some flat
or with neon sunlight

not enough vitamins
to nourish the blight

wormless, of course
they appreciate taste

why do I think of lust
in connection with

packed in plastic, green
tomatoes/ why am I faced

it is solid pulp and green
someone I could trust

vegetable connections
dream/ soft rain